

# Mme. Leblanc Reveals Philosophy Of Her Love Break With Maeterlinck

**"Woman Aggressor in Love" She Says, "and Should Recognize When Love Is Ended and It Is Time for Her to Go"**

By Marguerite Dean.  
Copyright, 1920, The Press Publishing Co.  
(The New York Evening World.)  
"FOR this is Wisdom: to love, to live,  
To take what Fate, or the Gods, may give,  
To ask no question, to make no prayer,  
To kiss the lips and caress the hair,  
Speed passion's ebb as you greet its flow—  
To have—to hold—and—in time—let go!"

—Laurence Hope.  
And this is also the wisdom of George Leblanc, brilliant actress and author, eighteen years the wife of the great Belgian poet and dramatist, Maurice Maeterlinck, and whose divorce, quietly obtained in Paris a year ago last summer, was closely followed by Maeterlinck's marriage to youthful Selysette Dahon. The two women, with the author of "The Blue Bird," formed the most talked-about triangle in Europe. Maeterlinck and his second wife visited America last winter.

Now, George Leblanc has just arrived in New York to engage in literary work, of which the exact nature remains at present a secret. And in her charming little apartment in the West Seventies, Mme. Leblanc explained to me her truly remarkable philosophy of love, which she has practiced as well as preached in real life.

I ought to preface her unique analysis of a woman's heart by saying that she is the most beautiful Frenchwoman I have ever met. When I saw her she wore a simple, cord-girdled negligee of some soft, lacy material, a few shades deeper than her hair, which is like the "banners, yellow, golden, glorious" of which Poe wrote. The costume showed to advantage the lines of her supple, rounded figure and the creamy skin of her arms and neck. Her eyes are long and hazel; they and her mobile mouth are changeable as an April day. At the time of the divorce the cables erroneously spoke of her as being near Maeterlinck's age—he is fifty-nine—but if a woman is as old as she looks, George Leblanc is in the high tide of her glorious thirties.

"In love," she told me, "it is the woman who should choose, who should pursue. I have said I did that, and it is true. It is the woman, not the man, who has the deepest, most inflexible instinct for seeking a mate. And because the woman is logically the aggressor in love, it is only the part of honesty for her to recognize when love is ended, when it is time for her to go."

Mme. Leblanc's somewhat egotistic eyes half closed for a moment—a trick they have. Then she smiled flashingly and spoke several sentences in the quick French so adequately translated by her friend and interpreter, Carl De V. Heist. "Madame," she explained, "smiling herself, 'that she is much amused by the commandments of love so widely attributed to her and which must have been the invention of some Parisian journalist. And she says the only one in which she really believes is the eleventh, 'When you made up the other day, when you wrote about her: "You shall love thy lover enough to give him up."'

Then I asked George Leblanc to tell what she would of her philosophy of love worked out in real life—that generous, springing-up-of-the-shoulders of another woman, about which two continents have speculated. This is her story, told for the first time in this country. "It is very simple—it happens every day, and the world has talked only because Maeterlinck is so great a man. In love the end is to say a natural thing, the highest ideal we possess, is to be in danger in human life, which is brutal and full of sin. If we hold love too high, it is spoiled and lost. They are astonished that a great love ends—they would be astonished that it has been and that it has lasted several years."

"Maeterlinck has been the supreme love of my life. I have neither bitterness nor resentment. I admire him profoundly still. His philosophy is a light to my soul. For a reason, separating that I have for him it is not necessary that I should see him every day."

"But," I hesitated, "is jealousy a part of love? I have seen no bitterness against—the present Madame Maeterlinck?"



GEORGETTE LE BLANC. MAURICE MAETERLINCK AND HIS SECOND WIFE SELYSETTE DAHON.

## Six Real Commandments Written by Mme. Leblanc

Do not be a slave, for if you are only a servant you will derive nothing from love.  
If your beloved companion is fond of food, prepare for him his favorite dishes, but if he cares for nothing but the kitchen—leave him there!  
Try to harmonize your duties of love with the duty which you owe to yourself, and if you cannot—go away.  
Hold your love always with a careful hand, as you would hold a bird, for if you squeeze it too much you stifle it; if you do not squeeze it enough it flies away.  
In important matters the wife should preserve her individuality; but if it is a question of how the meat should be cooked, let him have his own way—it doesn't matter!  
Only love once in your life—but if you love for the fiftieth time, forget the forty-nine other loves and love the fiftieth as you loved the first.

allowed hard, hateful feelings in my heart, it is myself that would be injured.  
"Love is so much more important than being loved. Indeed, it is so stupid, such a great bore, to be loved—unless one loves to return. And of love itself there are many varieties. Even a man's passing infatuation is one sort of love; another is the friendship of man and woman; a third and greater love contains the elements of physical, mental and spiritual attraction; greatest of all is the love that is all spirit. That is the love I have for Maeterlinck."

There was a little pause. Then, eyebrows and shoulders moving in the characteristic French gesture, Mme. Leblanc continued, with light irony: "They are always talking about the marvelous love of the Brownings, but it was particularly protected. Elizabeth was ill. Thus she was naturally sheltered—and she held her lover naturally through this fragility."  
"Besides, she died at the end of eight years of married life! Robert was fine looking, very much alive and of the same age as she—even younger, I believe. What would have happened if this union had been prolonged? No one knows. Eight years of love is not much."

"Would you marry again?" I asked. "I don't know," smiled George Leblanc, and as Mr. Hundt pointed out, you are aware what deductions may be drawn from that speech when it is made by a charming woman in the thirties.  
"But you regret nothing, and you believe you will and the Blue Bird of Happiness."  
"Regret?" The brave, beautiful head flung up as if to meet a challenge. "I NEVER regret—NEVER! And surely I shall find the Blue Bird—for it is singing in my heart."

## LUCILE THE WAITRESS

BY BIDE DUBLEY.

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"If there's anything I'd rather do than something else," said Lucile, the waitress, as the Friendly Patron watched the fat man next to him "saucer" his coffee, "it's to pester a cranky man. Of course, I never start it, but I certainly do join in once the crank gives his temper momentary. To-day a fellow orders breakfast and, when it begins to bounce off his teeth, he gets peeved."  
"Gosh!" he says. "This is the toughest steak I ever ate."  
"My dear sir, I say, 'you ain't ate it yet. As to its toughness, me and the proprietor will admit that. He was just saying this morning that he'd bet the old bull that meat come from could 'a' whipped a lot of bull-fighters."  
"Well, what you going to do about it?" he demands.  
"Nothing," I says. 'The bull's dead and, anyway, we ain't in a position to stage a bull-fight.'  
"I mean," he says, "how am I going to eat this steak?"  
"That's your little problem," I says. "Life is so full of trials that one must learn to solve one's own problems."  
"I came in here to eat and to solve problems," he says.  
"That's what you think," I says. "But the truth is you come in here to eat the food and that is a problem anybody could be proud of."  
"Say," he says, "if you'll eat this steak I'll give you a dollar."  
"I thank you," says I, "but I'm not in need of money that bad."  
"Take it back and throw it at the chef," he snorts. "Bring me beans!"  
"If you say so, I shall be very glad to bring you," I says very politely, "but I've took this steak back three times and I'm afraid of that chef. He's a busy brute."  
"He insists, so I start away with the plate. Just then a new victim yells to me: 'Hey, lady, hurry up and bring me some steak!'  
"That solves the problem. I go to the kitchen-kitchen, make a quick turn and do the Chicago back to the new guest. He gets the steak. It come out just then.  
"But how about the second man?" asked the Friendly Patron. "Didn't he complain?"  
"I don't know about that," replied Lucile. "He was five minutes to my waiting time and I just took a five-minute vacation and beat it. Have a care there! That guy next to you's got his elbow in your soup. You never ought to let things like that come in here if you want to keep 'em pure and untarnished."

## FABLES For The FAIR

By MARGUERITE LOEB.

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"WOMEN," a woman novelist imports, "desire to be DOMINATED."  
"Their cosmic yearning is to be MATE-TERRED!"  
If the lady is right, Then there's nothing else for the American woman to do but yearn—and yearn—and yearn!  
For, as every and knows, her husband positively refuses to hand her about by the hair.  
To knock out a tooth every three weeks.  
To beat her up when the highballs prove to be made of moonshine.  
To make her take off his boots—And polish 'em—And kiss 'em.  
To tell her to vote.  
To give her a pair of spectacles.  
Even pays her millinery bills with only a biennial kowtow or two.  
When the maid leaves after lunch, he has been known to broil the steak.  
And wipe the dinner dishes.  
He frequently is seen carrying the baby.  
Instead of staking majestically ahead.  
Followed by a meek female, her arms filled with infant.  
Like a cross-section of a migratory primitive tribe.  
When anybody asks him, How he's going to celebrate Christmas.  
What he'll name the youngest.  
What make of car he plans to buy.  
Whether he believes in home misandry.  
Or home brew.  
If he will dine out Thursday week—The dominant male answers cheerfully.  
"Ask my wife!"  
At the table He is always helped last.  
To the tail of the steak.  
The outside leaves of lettuce.  
The overcooked bacon.  
The smallest spoonful of cauliflower.  
Even the dog knows it's perfectly safe.  
To snuggle—and shed hairs—on his Morris chair.  
At "master of the house" he's a tame and guaranteed goat—Does dear!  
Whatever may be said about the American male—And that's a lot—I've said some of it myself!  
As an avowed brute.  
A permit of the steak.  
A "maugherful man," out of J. M. Barrie.  
He never would make a woman novelist happy—He wouldn't even try!

## Can You Beat It!

I CAME TO INVITE YOU FOR THANKSGIVING DINNER



MY UNCLE SENT US A TWENTY POUND TURKEY



## By Maurice Kettén

WE HAVE A NICE BIG TURKEY



I'LL EXPECT YOU THANKSGIVING



## THE UNATTRACTIVE GIRL

By SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

treated her in this way.  
The youngest girl I ever knew was one of the most attractive and the most popular after among her friends. Her gentle nature, her bright smile, her willingness to take offense at trifles, made for her such a host of admirers and friends that she usually found herself the center of attraction and the most welcome one at any party.  
Sometimes one has to sacrifice a little self-pride, a little vanity, in order to gain that which is nearest to the heart's desire. This does not mean that one needs to lose one's self-respect in doing it.  
Honesty and sincerity became bigger in the process when she makes up her mind to act that no one can make her hate another.  
Another way for this girl is to join some young people's club. There are girls' clubs and civic organizations for young people in nearly every neighborhood. It is not difficult to gain entrance to these bodies.  
At the same time, a word to the attractive girl. Don't you think you will gain something for yourself if you show a gracious attitude to such a sister as writes to me above?

Mr. Jarr came gallantly to the rescue by saying:  
"What a terrible woman!" remarked Miss Hockett, with a genteel shudder.  
"Never mind boasting the house—take care of it!" came the man's voice, "or I'll bat you in the eye!"  
"Oh, you will, will you?" cried a voice, evidently a man's.  
"His voice is hoarse; he's been drinking," whispered Mrs. Jarr.  
"Where does he get it?" murmured Mr. Jarr, but no one heeded his question.  
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"Yes, and I'll show you who's boss!" replied a feminine voice.  
"What a terrible woman!" remarked Miss Hockett, with a genteel shudder.  
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